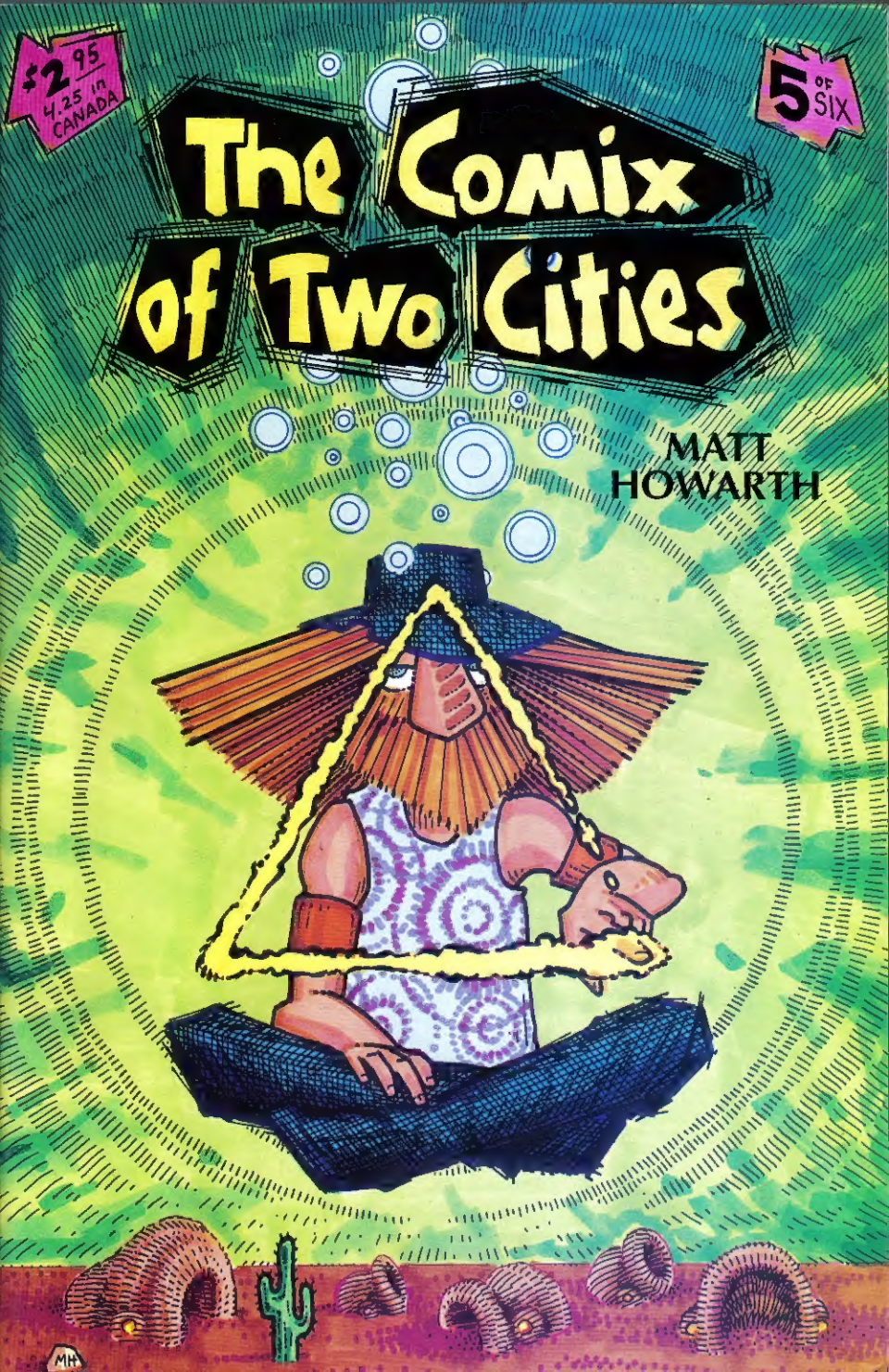
$2.95
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5 OF SIX
The Comix of Two Cities
MATT HOWARTH
MH

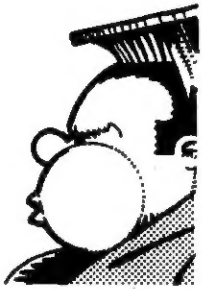
One world...two cities...two cultures

Oppression

Revolution

Conflict

It's MOLE vs. CHUB



in

The Comix of Two Cities

by

Matt Howarth

based on life-forms created by THE RESIDENTS

This issue also features the talents of:
A. SCIARRA: art and script on "Mole Mania".

THE COMIX OF TWO CITIES #5. September, 1996. Published by ÆON, 5014-D Roosevelt Way NE, Seattle, WA 98105. (206) 525-0632. Email E.VICK1@GENIE.GEIS.COM. Entire contents ©1996 Matt Howarth. All rights reserved. Some of the material in this issue was previously published by Howski Studios and Ralph Records in 1982 and 1983 in the limited edition mini-comics THE COMIX OF TWO CITIES #s 1 and 2. THE RESIDENTS, the MOLES and the CHUBS are all trademarked by the Cryptic Corporation. This is a work of fiction; any similarity between names, characters, and/or situations herein is purely coincidental.

THIS IS NOT PART THREE OF THE RESIDENTS' MOLE TRILOGY.

First Printing.

MUPubs #322.

PROLOGUE # 1:
DEEP INSIDE A FAR-AWAY
PLANET...
YOU HAVE FAILED, K'MULU. THE PLANET OF CHUBS AND MOLES REMAINS UNCONQUERED... *
...BUT-BUT YOUR MAJESTY-
* AS SEEN IN "THE COMIX OF TWO CITIES" # 3.

YOU HAVE FAILED, LITTLE ONE...AND MUST PAY THE ULTIMATE PENALTY...
BUT SIRE — I DISCOVERED THAT THE MOLES AND CHUBS FEED ON AIR-PUFFED GLUCOSE.
...SO.
SSHHH... DON'T GIVE HIM AWAY (WHOEVER HE IS)...
HOW DISGUSTING!! (THEY REALLY DO THAT?) SUCH DECADENCE SHOULD NOT BE...
THE ONLY DECENT THING TO DO IS DESTROY THEM.
IT WAS VERY UGLY, YOUR MAJESTY.

PROLOGUE # 2: A ROOFTOP IN DULUTH...

...I HAD A DREAM...*

...A DREAM OF A TRULY FANTASTIC CONCERT- WITH INSTRUMENTS SO AWESOME THAT I JUST CANNOT ACCEPT THEIR IMPOSSIBILITY...

...A DREAM SO WONDERFUL I MUST FIND A WAY TO MAKE IT A REALITY...

...BUT, HOW...?

(THERE'S NO COMMA AFTER "BUT")

ZIZ...

* YOU CAN EXPERIENCE DORIAN FLOON'S DREAM IN "TWO CITIES" #4.

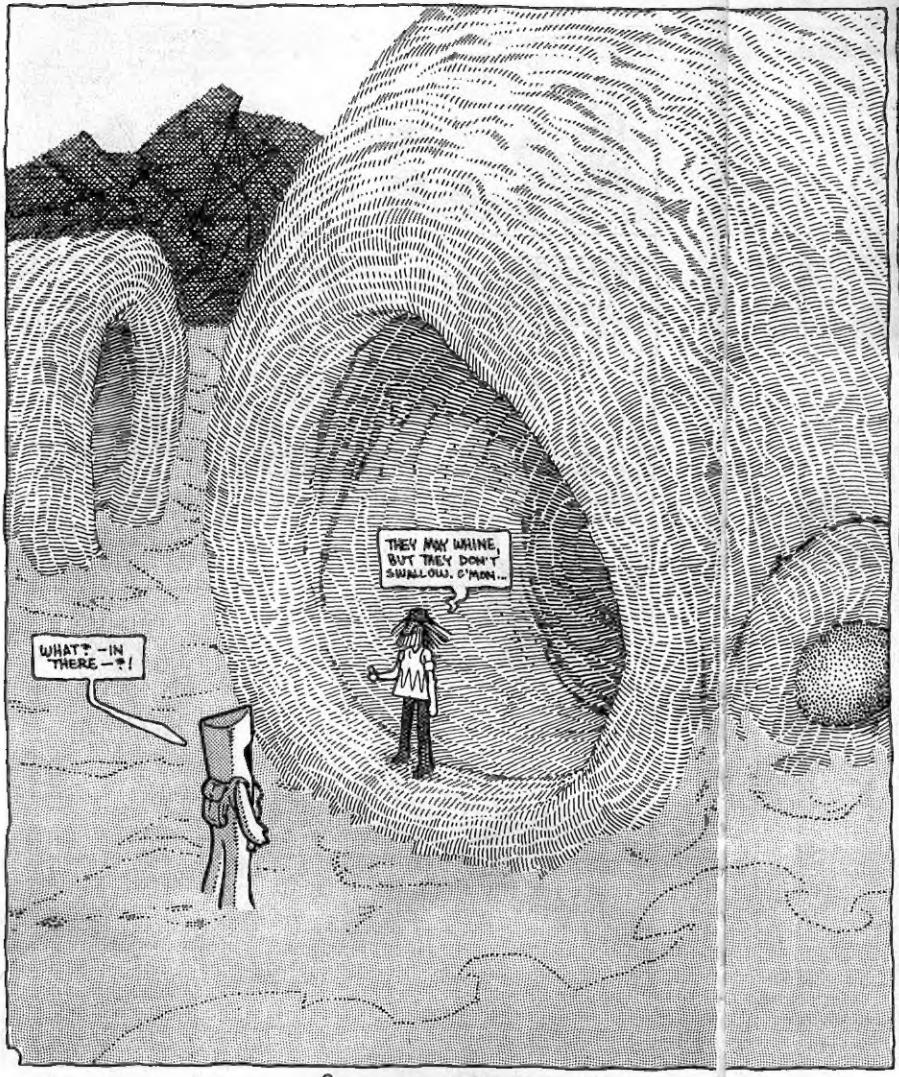
BEFORE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR DREAM...

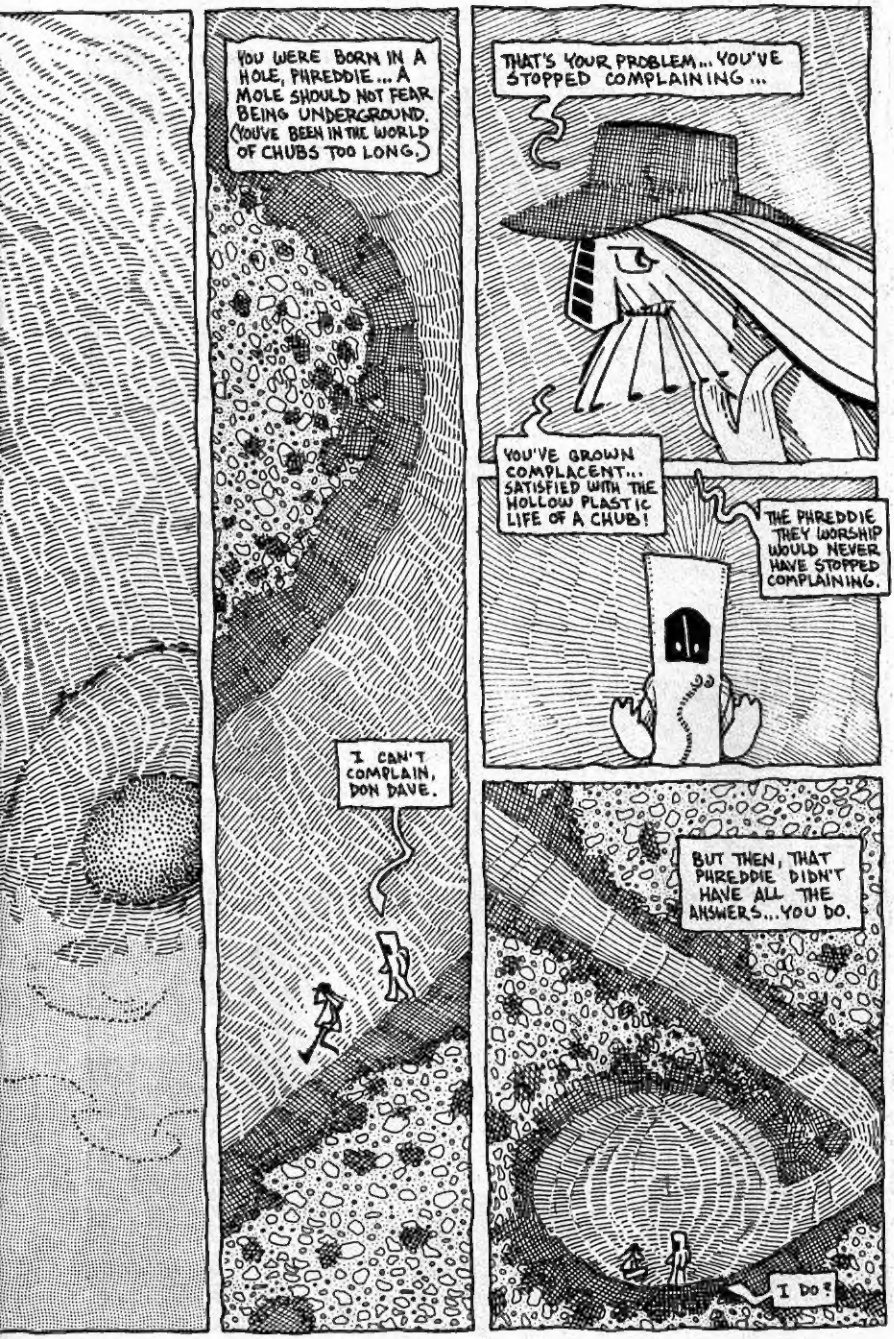
...THERE MUST BE A...

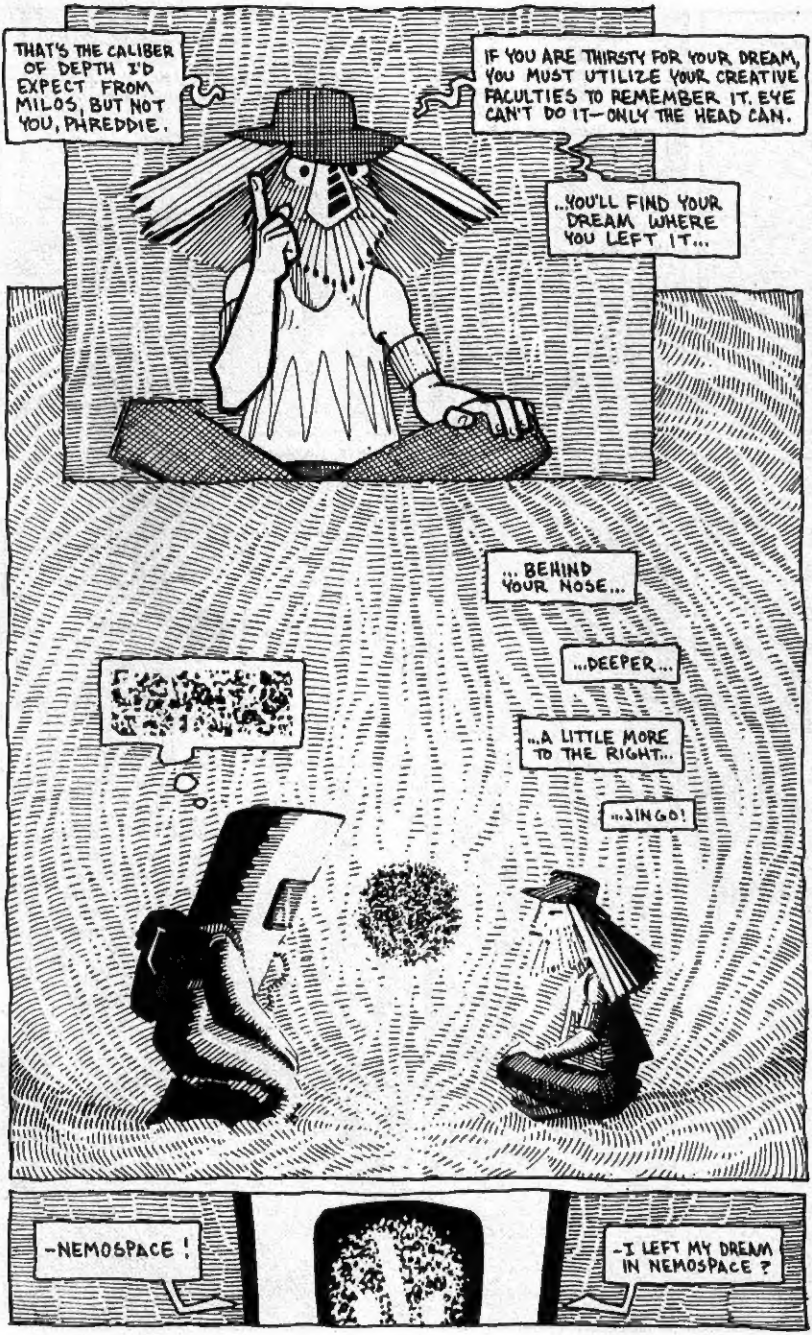
FALLING INTO PLACE

STORY/ART: MATT HOWARTH

*SEE "TWO CITIES" #1.


THEY MAY WHINE, BUT THEY DON'T SWALLOW. C'MON...
WHAT? -IN THERE -?!


YOU WERE BORN IN A HOLE, PHREDDIE... A MOLE SHOULD NOT FEAR BEING UNDERGROUND. (YOU'VE BEEN IN THE WORLD OF CHUBS TOO LONG.)
I CAN'T COMPLAIN, DON DAVE.
THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM... YOU'VE STOPPED COMPLAINING...
YOU'VE GROWN COMPLACENT... SATISFIED WITH THE HOLLOW PLASTIC LIFE OF A CHUB!
THE PHREDDIE THEY WORSHIP WOULD NEVER HAVE STOPPED COMPLAINING.
BUT THEN, THAT PHREDDIE DIDN'T HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS... YOU DO.
I DO?


THAT'S THE CALIBER OF DEPTH I'D EXPECT FROM MILOS, BUT NOT YOU, PHREDDIE.
IF YOU ARE THIRSTY FOR YOUR DREAM, YOU MUST UTILIZE YOUR CREATIVE FACULTIES TO REMEMBER IT. EYE CAN'T DO IT—ONLY THE HEAD CAN.
...YOU'LL FIND YOUR DREAM WHERE YOU LEFT IT...
...BEHIND YOUR NOSE...
...DEEPER...
...A LITTLE MORE TO THE RIGHT...
...BINGO!
-NEMOSPACE!
-I LEFT MY DREAM IN NEMOSPACE?

NEMOSPACE IS WHERE EVERYONE LEAVES THEIR DREAMS, PHREDDIE. THE BACKGROUND HIGS THAT SO FASCINATES YOUR MUSICIAN'S EAR IS, IN TRUTH, ALL THE DREAMS IN THE UNIVERSE IN A ZILLION-LEVEL OVER-LAY...

EVERYONE CAN VISIT NEMOSPACE, BUT ONLY A POWERFUL AND EXACTING MIND CAN STAY THERE AFTER THEIR DREAM IS OVER.

...LIKE YOU, PHREDDIE.

BUT YOU ARE A YOUNG FISH...NAIVE AND UNAWARE THAT THE POND IS FULL OF SHARKS.

THERE ARE FORCES SO VAST AND INFLUENTIAL THAT EVERYTHING WHICH EXISTS UNKNOWINGLY CALLS THEM MASTER.

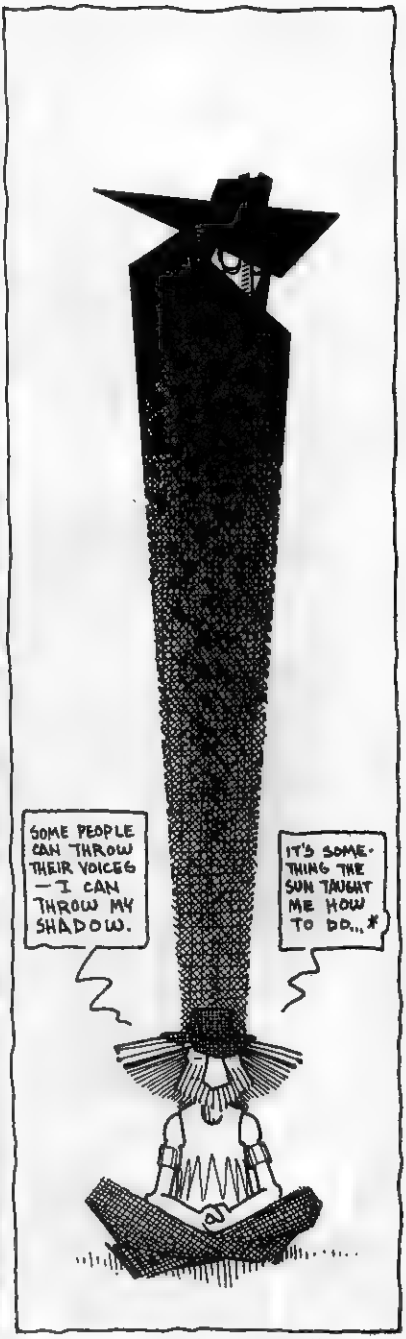
...THERE IS ORDER...

...AND THERE IS DISORDER.

IF YOU DON'T SERVE ONE, THE OTHER GETS YOU BY AUTOMATIC DEFAULT. STRONGER MINDS CAN CHOOSE, BUT MOST PEOPLE EMPTY THEIR HEADS EVERY TIME THEY SNEEZE...

ON A FAR-AWAY PLANET, THERE ARE CREATURES WHO SERVE DISORDER BEHIND THE REASONS FOR THEIR ACTIONS.
THESE CREATURES WHO LIVE IN SALT HAVE HALTED THEIR CONQUEST OF THE UNIVERSE —BUT ONLY UNTIL THEY DESTROY OUR WORLD!

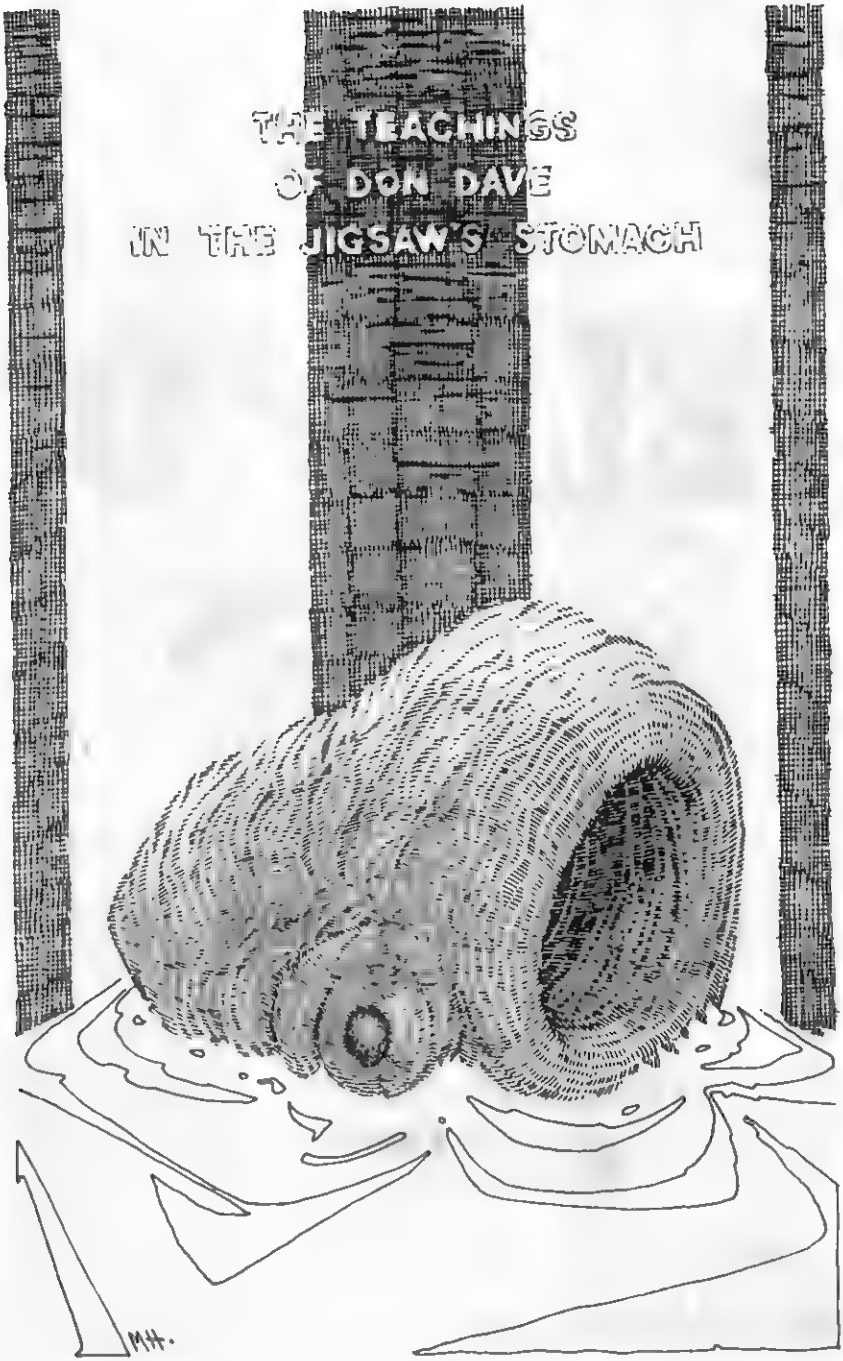
THEIR WRATH IS COMING, TRAVELLING NOW AS WE SIT IN THIS JIGSAW'S STOMACH. YOU MUST BELIEVE ME, PHREDDIE— FOR ONLY **YOU** CAN AVERT THIS DOOM.



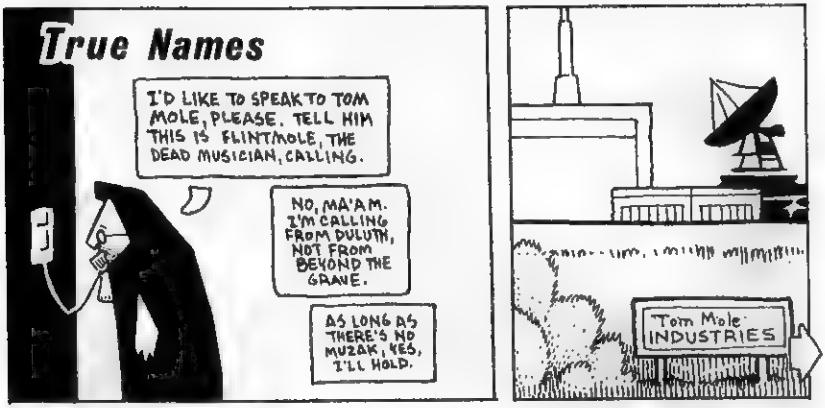
*SEE "TWO CITIES" #2.

?
PHREDDIE, YOU MUST TAKE YOUR DREAM TO BOX INVENTOR TOM MOLE. YOU MUST SHOW HIM THE ONLY WAY INTO NEMOSPACE
YOU MUST DO THIS AS PHREDDIE, THOUGH...
AND - MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, HOLE-WORKER-
...IF EVERYONE IS TO SURVIVE — IT MUST BE MADE PUBLIC THAT THE CHUBS ARE NOT INCLUDED IN THAT SURVIVAL!
...ELSE - ALL WILL DIE!
GO NOW, PHREDDIE
GO TO TOM MOLE.
WHEN THE TIME COMES, I WILL BE SILLY FOR YOU.

THE TEACHINGS OF DON DAVE IN THE JIGSAW'S STOMACH



EL TOPO
YES, YES, BEAUTIFUL! AND THEN YOU EAT THE BEETLE! BEETLE-DRUG-YES! I THINK SO.
H

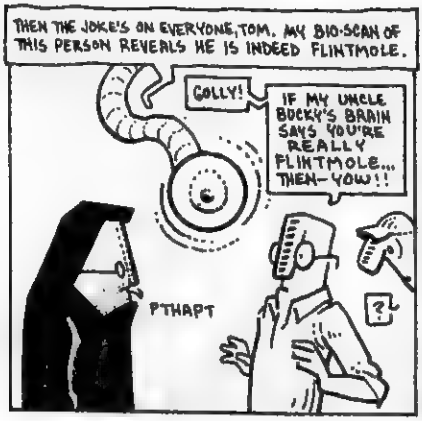

True Names
I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO TOM MOLE, PLEASE. TELL HIM THIS IS FLINT/MOLE, THE DEAD MUSICIAN, CALLING.
NO, MA'AM. I'M CALLING FROM DULUTH, NOT FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.
AS LONG AS THERE'S NO MUZAK, YES, I'LL HOLD.
Tom Mole INDUSTRIES

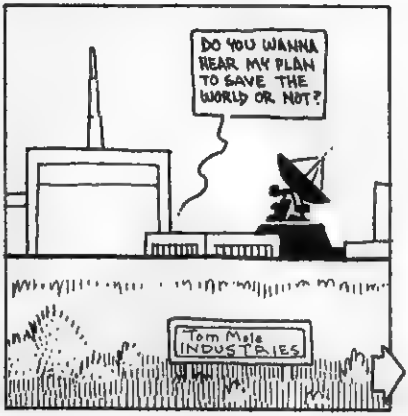
Ritual Masks

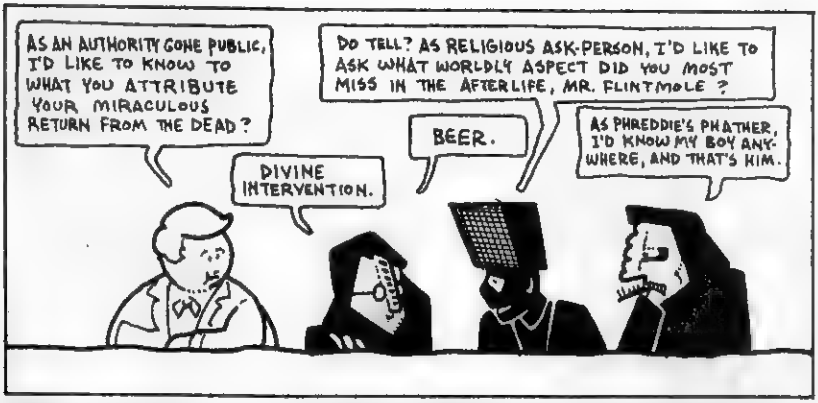
STARTLING NEWS FROM THE ARCTIC WASTELAND HAS MADE THE ENTIRE WORLD SUCK IN ITS BREATH IN AMAZEMENT: ROCK'N'ROLL LEGEND **FLINTMOLE** IS NOT DEAD! DESPITE HIS ASSASSINATION ON A LATE NIGHT TALKSHOW YEARS AGO, HE HAS BEEN FOUND WITH A WANDERLUST HERD OF ICE-FOWL — ALIVE, WARMLY DRESSED AND EAGER TO TALK TO THE PRESS.

AFTER YEARS OF CHASING WERE-WORMS IN FRISCO, INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER KARL KOLCHUB IS A SURE BET FOR A PULITZER FOR BEING THE MAN TO FIND FLINTMOLE.

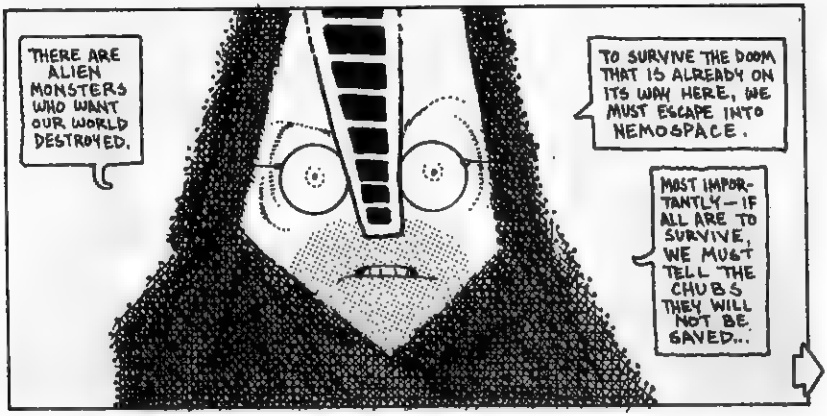
SO FAR, EXECUTIVES OF LITERARY RECORDS (THE COMPANY THAT HAS GROWN FLABBY ON FLINTMOLE'S MERCHANDISING) HAVE AVOIDED QUESTIONING BY HIRING BURLY LIMOUSINE CHAUFFEURS.

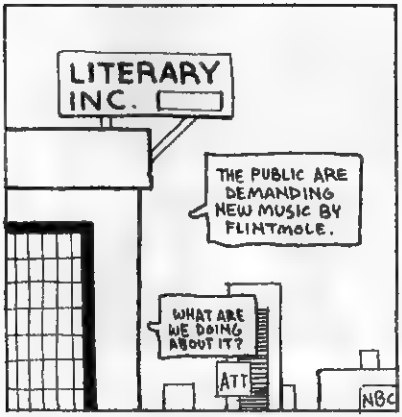

THEN THE JOKE'S ON EVERYONE, TOM. MY BIO-SCAN OF THIS PERSON REVEALS HE IS INDEED FLINTMOLE.
GOLLY!
IF MY UNCLE BUCKY'S BRAIN SAYS YOU'RE REALLY FLINTMOLE... THEN—WOW!!
PTHAPT
?

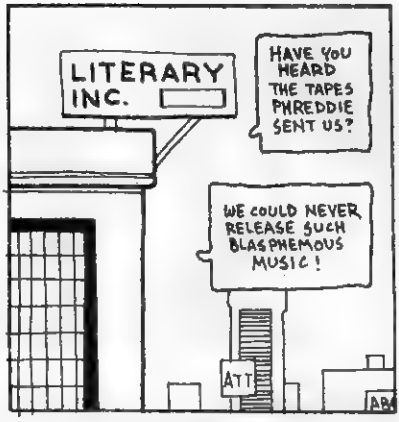

DO YOU WANNA HEAR MY PLAN TO SAVE THE WORLD OR NOT?
Tom Mole INDUSTRIES

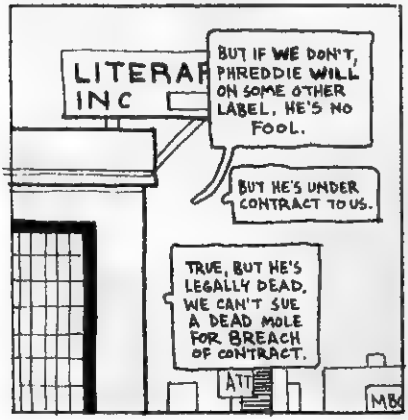

AS AN AUTHORITY GONE PUBLIC, I'D LIKE TO KNOW TO WHAT YOU ATTRIBUTE YOUR MIRACULOUS RETURN FROM THE DEAD?
DIVINE INTERVENTION.
DO TELL? AS RELIGIOUS ASK-PERSON, I'D LIKE TO ASK WHAT WORLDLY ASPECT DID YOU MOST MISS IN THE AFTERLIFE, MR. FLINTMOLE?
BEER.
AS PHREDDIE'S PHATHER, I'D KNOW MY BOY ANYWHERE, AND THAT'S HIM.

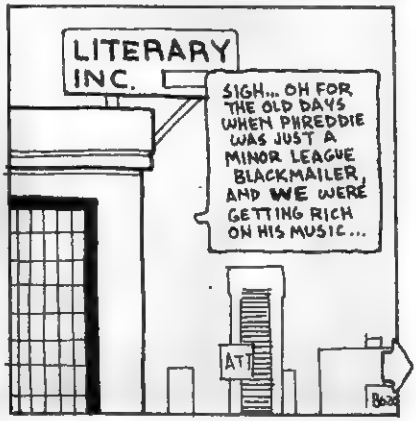
PHREDDIE FLINTMOLE'S RETURN FROM THE GRAVE IS BLINDLY ACCEPTED BY HIS ZILLIONS OF FANS.
THEY ARE DYING TO HEAR A NEW ALBUM FROM HIM.

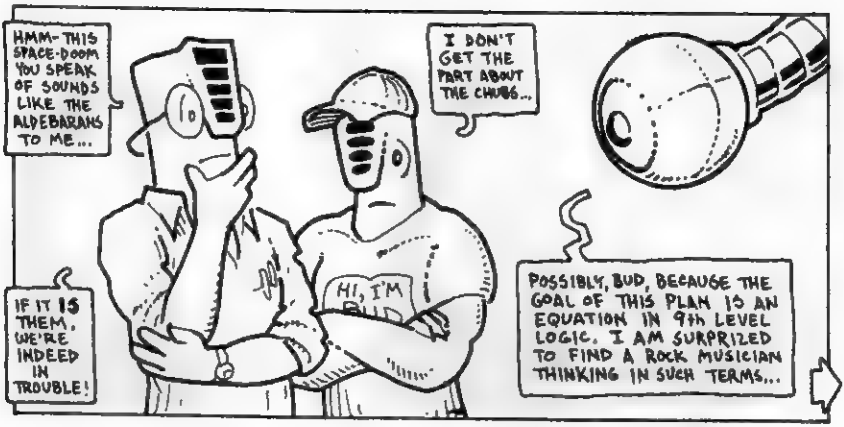

THERE ARE ALIEN MONSTERS WHO WANT OUR WORLD DESTROYED.
TO SURVIVE THE DOOM THAT IS ALREADY ON ITS WAY HERE, WE MUST ESCAPE INTO NEMOSPACE.
MOST IMPORTANTLY—IF ALL ARE TO SURVIVE, WE MUST TELL THE CHUBS THEY WILL NOT BE SAVED...


LITERARY INC.
THE PUBLIC ARE DEMANDING NEW MUSIC BY FLINTMOLE.
WHAT ARE WE DOING ABOUT IT?
ATT
NBC

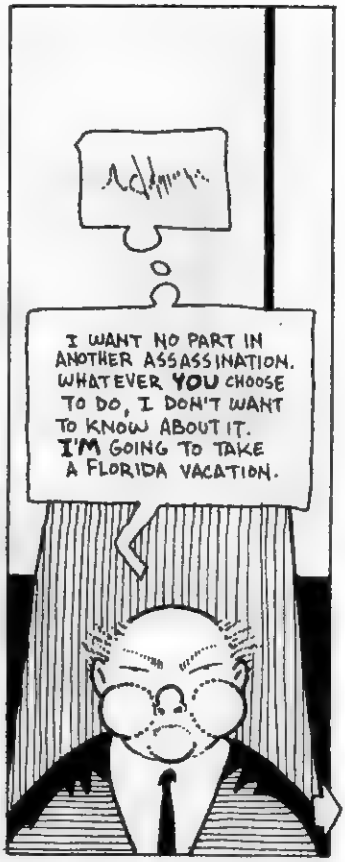

LITERARY INC.
HAVE YOU HEARD THE TAPES PHREDDIE SENT US?
WE COULD NEVER RELEASE SUCH BLASPHEMOUS MUSIC!
ATT

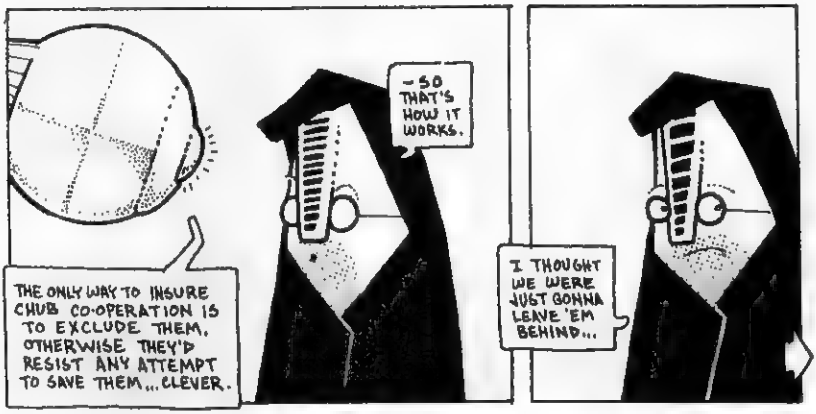

LITERARY INC
BUT IF WE DON'T, PHREDDIE WILL ON SOME OTHER LABEL. HE'S NO FOOL.
BUT HE'S UNDER CONTRACT TO US.
TRUE, BUT HE'S LEGALLY DEAD. WE CAN'T SUE A DEAD MOLE FOR BREACH OF CONTRACT.
ATT
MBC

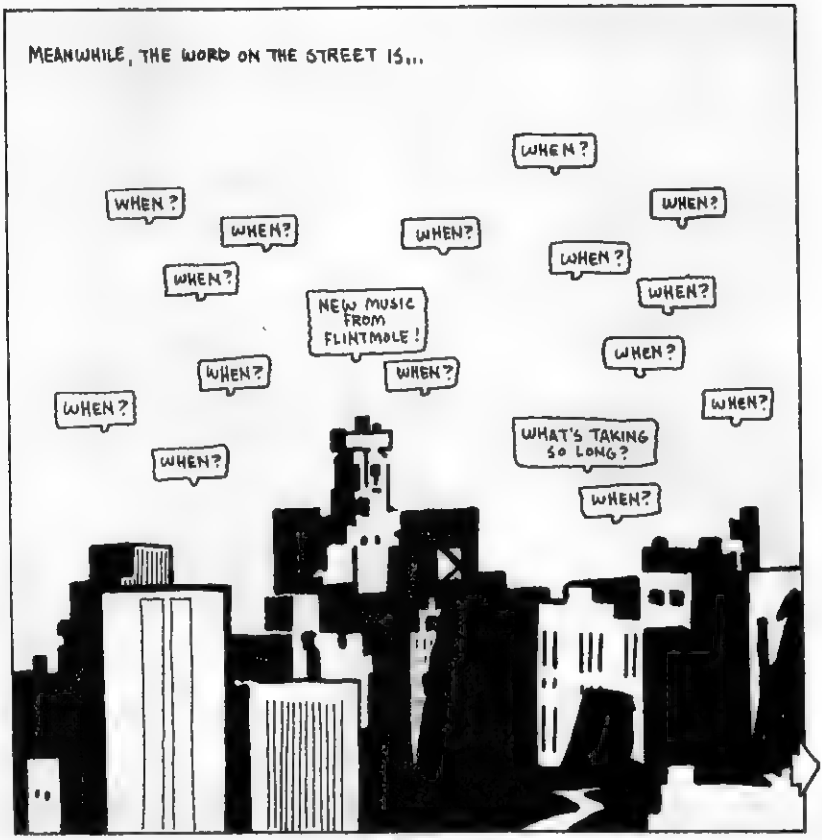

LITERARY INC.
SIGH... OH FOR THE OLD DAYS WHEN PHREDDIE WAS JUST A MINOR LEAGUE BLACKMAILER, AND WE WERE GETTING RICH ON HIS MUSIC...
ATT

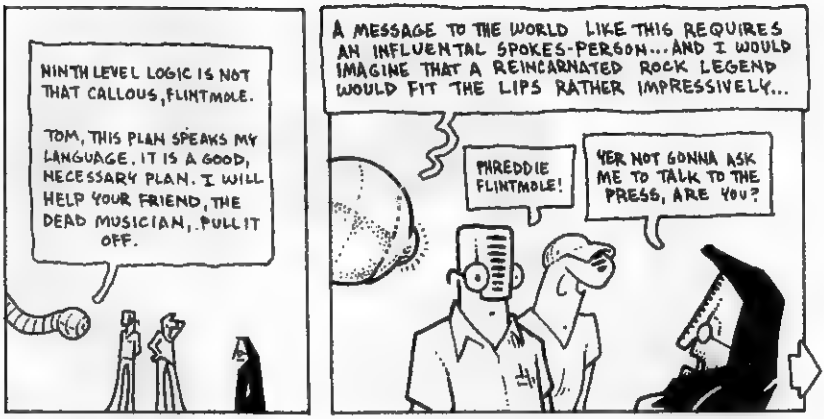

HMM- THIS SPACE-DOOM YOU SPEAK OF SOUNDS LIKE THE ALDEBARANS TO ME...
I DON'T GET THE PART ABOUT THE CHUBS...
HI, I'M BUD
IF IT IS THEM, WE'RE INDEED IN TROUBLE!
POSSIBLY, BUD, BECAUSE THE GOAL OF THIS PLAN IS AN EQUATION IN 9th LEVEL LOGIC. I AM SURPRIZED TO FIND A ROCK MUSICIAN THINKING IN SUCH TERMS...

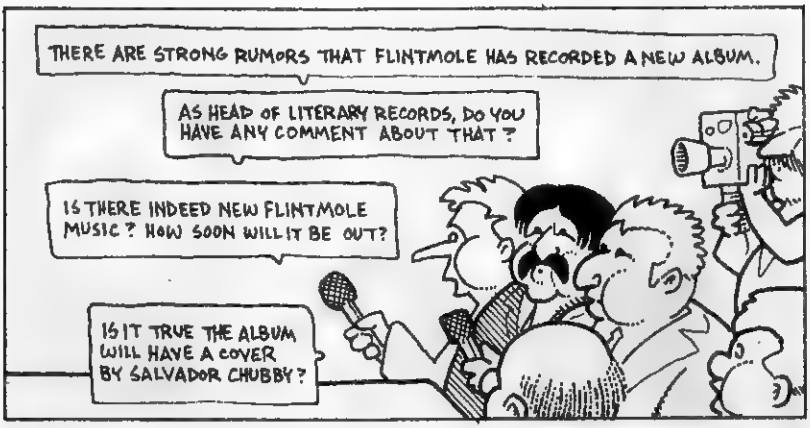
DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD TRY TO KILL HIM AGAIN?
NO NO, THAT'S HOW WE GOT IN THIS MESS TO BEGIN WITH, ERNIE...WHEN PHREDDIE RAN OUT ON US AND WE STAGED AN ASSASSINATION OF A FLINTMOLE LOOK-ALIKE.
BUT, HARRY, THAT MESS WAS THE LIVE PHREDDIE BLACKMAILING US. IF WE KILL HIM NOW, WE ELIMINATE OUR NEW MESS WITH THE OLD.
WE AGREE.
YES.
YES, IT SOUNDS RIGHT TO US.


I WANT NO PART IN ANOTHER ASSASSINATION. WHATEVER YOU CHOOSE TO DO, I DON'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT. I'M GOING TO TAKE A FLORIDA VACATION.

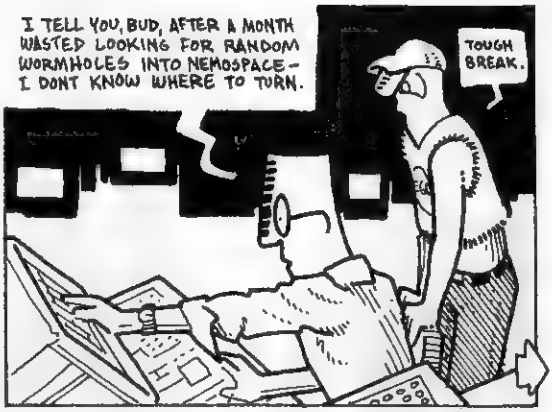

THE ONLY WAY TO INSURE CHUB CO-OPERATION IS TO EXCLUDE THEM. OTHERWISE THEY'D RESIST ANY ATTEMPT TO SAVE THEM... CLEVER.
—SO THAT'S HOW IT WORKS.
I THOUGHT WE WERE JUST GONNA LEAVE 'EM BEHIND...


MEANWHILE, THE WORD ON THE STREET IS...
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
WHEN?
NEW MUSIC FROM FLINTMOLE!
WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG?

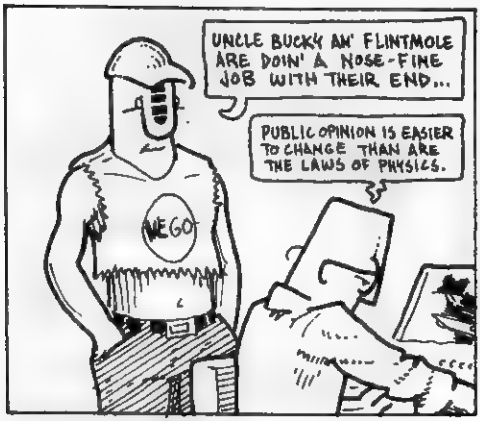

NINTH LEVEL LOGIC IS NOT THAT CALLOUS, FLINTMOLE.
TOM, THIS PLAN SPEAKS MY LANGUAGE. IT IS A GOOD, NECESSARY PLAN. I WILL HELP YOUR FRIEND, THE DEAD MUSICIAN, PULL IT OFF.
A MESSAGE TO THE WORLD LIKE THIS REQUIRES AN INFLUENTAL SPOKES-PERSON... AND I WOULD IMAGINE THAT A REINCARNATED ROCK LEGEND WOULD FIT THE LIPS RATHER IMPRESSIVELY...
FHREDDIE FLINTMOLE!
YER NOT GONNA ASK ME TO TALK TO THE PRESS, ARE YOU?

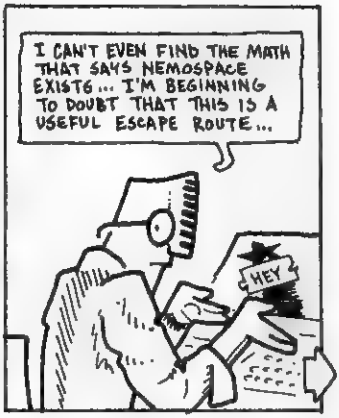

THERE ARE STRONG RUMORS THAT FLINTMOLE HAS RECORDED A NEW ALBUM.
AS HEAD OF LITERARY RECORDS, DO YOU HAVE ANY COMMENT ABOUT THAT?
IS THERE INDEED NEW FLINTMOLE MUSIC? HOW SOON WILL IT BE OUT?
IS IT TRUE THE ALBUM WILL HAVE A COVER BY SALVADOR CHUBBY?

GENTLE-CHUBS OF THE PRESS, I KNOW NOTHING OF ANY NEW MUSIC BY FLINTMOLE. IF YOU PLEASE, I HAVE A FLIGHT TO FLORIDA TO CATCH.
WAIT- AT THE PRECISE MOMENT THAT FLINTMOLE WAS REBORN, WHAT ANIMAL WOULD YOU HAVE WANTED TO BE?
SIGH.
OH, CHUBALDO.
SHEESH.



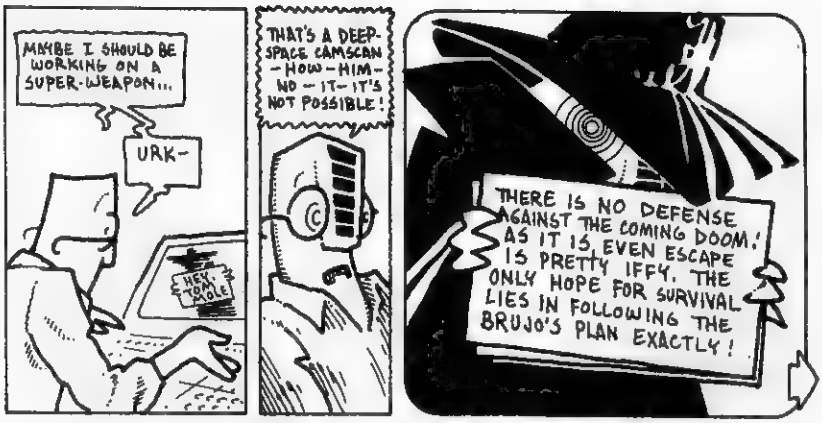
* DORIAN FLOON'S PRIVATE LABEL.


UNCLE BUCKY AN' FLINTMOLE ARE DOIN' A NOSE-FINE JOB WITH THEIR END...
PUBLIC OPINION IS EASIER TO CHANGE THAN ARE THE LAWS OF PHYSICS.
WE GO


I CAN'T EVEN FIND THE MATH THAT SAYS NEMOSPACE EXISTS... I'M BEGINNING TO DOUBT THAT THIS IS A USEFUL ESCAPE ROUTE...
HEY

INDEED, WE GO IS A DARING EXAMPLE OF SACRILIGEOUS STORYTELLING. IT BEGINS WITH A CEREMONY IN WHICH THREE CHUB BUSINESSMEN DISGUISED AS SILLY KEEPERS, ABUSE SACRED ROCKS BY SNEEZING ON THEM.

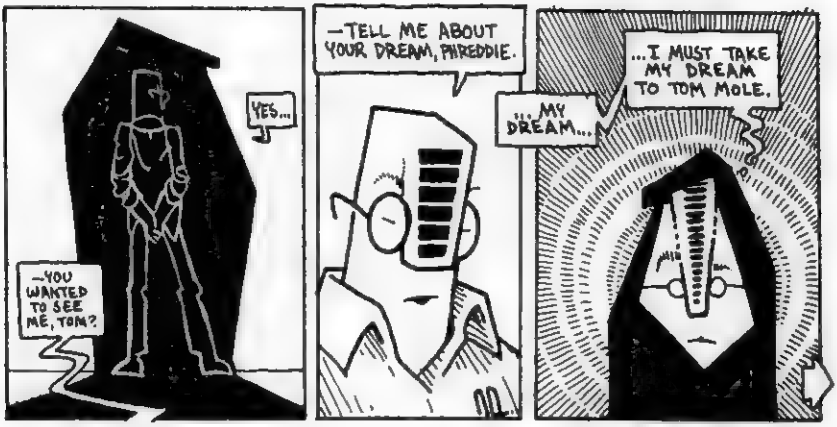
THE CONSEQUENCES OF THIS BLASPHEMY ARE IMMEDIATE. THE HORRIBLE EVIL DISPOSER RISES FROM ITS ANCIENT STONE GRAVE.

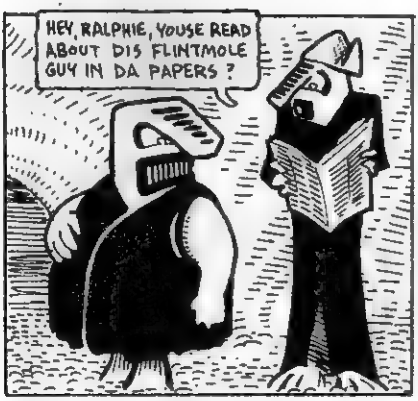

MAYBE I SHOULD BE WORKING ON A SUPER-WEAPON...
URK-
HEY TOM MOLE
THAT'S A DEEP-SPACE CAMSCAN -HOW-HIM- NO - IT- IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
THERE IS NO DEFENSE AGAINST THE COMING DOOM! AS IT IS, EVEN ESCAPE IS PRETTY IFFY. THE ONLY HOPE FOR SURVIVAL LIES IN FOLLOWING THE BRUJO'S PLAN EXACTLY!

IN A FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO SAVE THEIR OWN FAT, THE CHUB POPULATION BEGINS TO SLAUGHTER THE MOLES IN SACRIFICE TO THE EVIL DISPOSER.
COMPLETE MOLECIDE IS AVERTED WHEN, IN THE ELEVENTH HOUR, A YOUNG MOLE SCIENTIST DISCOVERS THAT THE ANCIENT ARTIFACTS FOUND IN THE SALT CHAMBER ARCHEOLOGICAL DIGS ARE ACTUALLY A GALACTIC TELEPORTATION DEVICE. THE MOLES BEGIN AN INTER-STELLAR EXODUS TO ESCAPE THE CHUBS AND THEIR EVIL GOD.

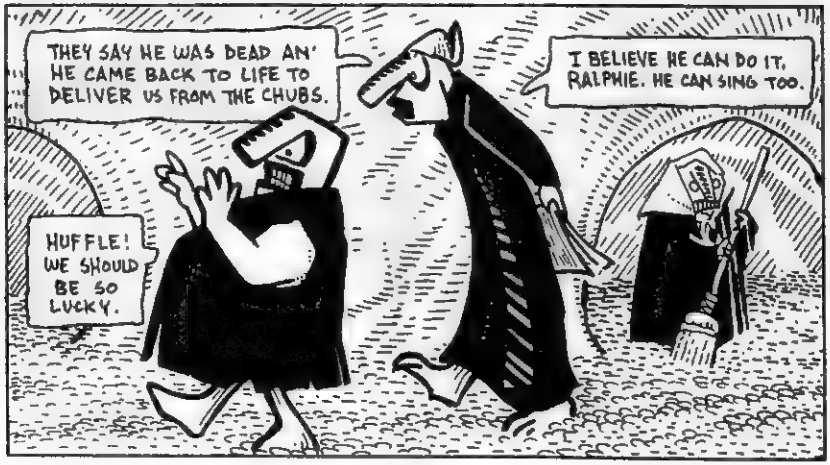
STOP WASTING VALUABLE TIME AND GET THAT IDIOT OF A MUSICIAN TO TELL YOU ABOUT HIS DREAM!! I CERTAINLY HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN PLAY COSMIC CUE-CARDS WITH YOU.
—SHADOMOLE!?
HUH?
FLINTMOLE! GET ME PHREDDIE!
MAKE UP YER MIND—

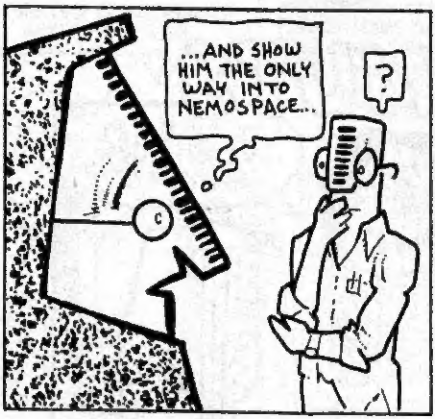
BUT THE WORLD IS STILL DOOMED. THE EVIL DISPOSER NEEDS NO WORSHIPERS. ONCE THE MOLES RUN OUT, THE CHUBS BECOME THE CHOSEN DIET. FINALLY, THE PLANET ITSELF EXPLODES, CONSUMED BY THE EVIL DISPOSER'S ANCIENT APPETITE.
THE ALLEGORIES ARE HARD TO MISS, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE ALBUM'S STORY IS SPICED BY SO MANY PREVIOUSLY UNVOICED HERESIES. <IT IS FORBIDDEN TO EVEN MENTION THE EVIL DISPOSER'S NAME IN IDLE CONVERSATION, MUCH LESS USE IT IN ENTERTAINMENT.>
BUT THE PUBLIC IS HOOKED. AFTER ALL, THIS IS WHAT FLINTMOLE RETURNED FROM THE DEAD TO TELL EVERYONE.

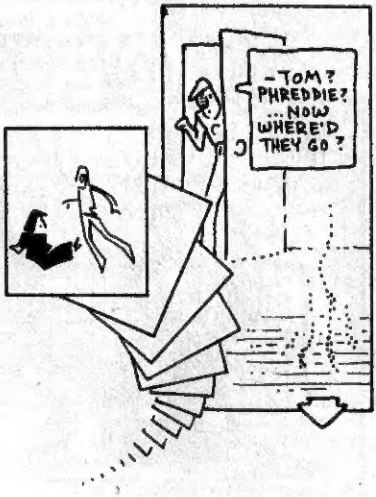

—YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, TOM?
YES...
—TELL ME ABOUT YOUR DREAM, PHREDDIE.
...MY DREAM...
...I MUST TAKE MY DREAM TO TOM MOLE.

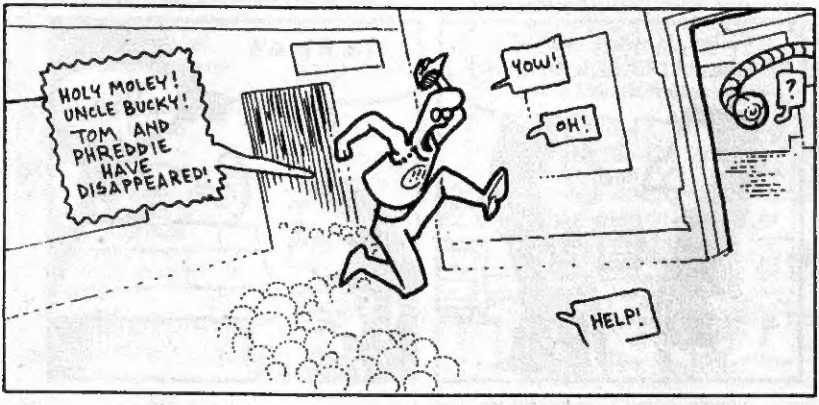

HEY, RALPHIE, YOUSE READ ABOUT DIS FLINTMOLE GUY IN DA PAPERS ?

SURE. HE'S THE GUY WHO'S GOT A SCI-FI ROCK ALBUM THAT'S AN ALLEGORICAL TREATMENT OF CHUB'S INHUMANITY TO MOLE.
WHO HASN'T HEARD ABOUT HIM, KNORTON ?
UMM


THEY SAY HE WAS DEAD AN' HE CAME BACK TO LIFE TO DELIVER US FROM THE CHUBS.
I BELIEVE HE CAN DO IT, RALPHIE. HE CAN SING TOO.
HUFFLE! WE SHOULD BE SO LUCKY.

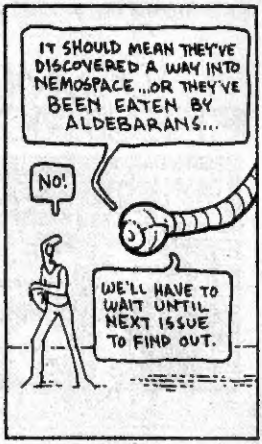

...AND SHOW HIM THE ONLY WAY INTO NEMOSPACE...
?


-TOM? PHREDDIE? ...NOW WHERE'D THEY GO?

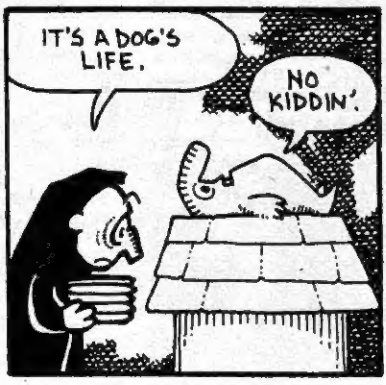

HOLY MOLEY! UNCLE BUCKY! TOM AND PHREDDIE HAVE DISAPPEARED!
YOW!
OH!
?
HELP!

YOW! OH!
THEY'VE DIS-APPEARED, YOU SAY? WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME.

SAY
WHAT
?

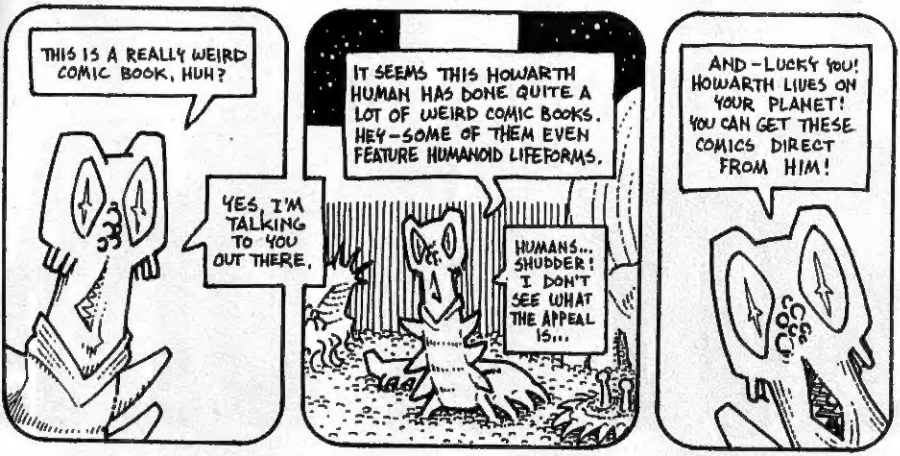

IT SHOULD MEAN THEY'VE DISCOVERED A WAY INTO NEMOSPACE...OR THEY'VE BEEN EATEN BY ALDEBARANS...
NO!
WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL NEXT ISSUE TO FIND OUT.

MOLENUTS



DO MOLES DREAM OF ELECTRIC EARTHWORMS?

MINI-NOVEL BY HOGARTH



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